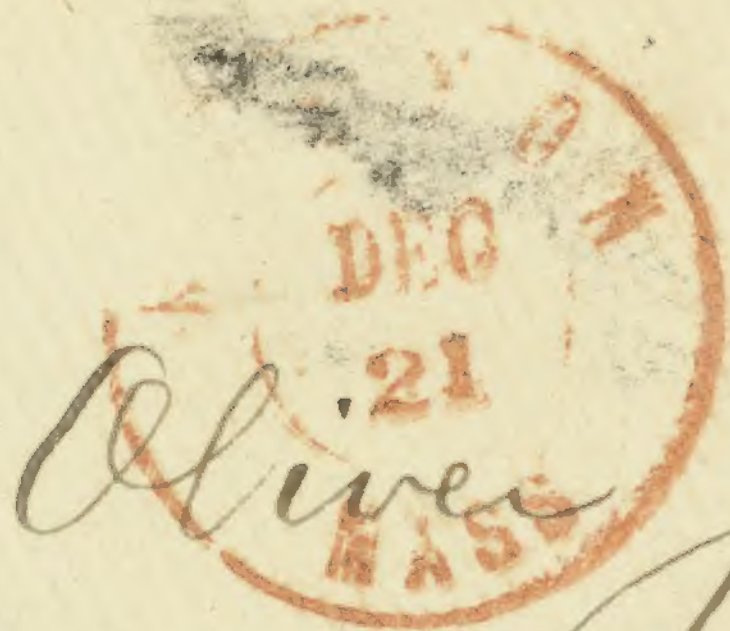


Dec. 20. 1863



Oliver Johnson,

48
Anti-Slavery Office, Beekman Street,
New York City,
N. Y.

V.6 #69

Boston, Dec. 20, 1863.

Dear Johnson:

You were very attentive in sending me slips of the Decade proceedings as fast as you did; but you need not send any more, as I have now much more matter than I can possibly print in the next Liberator. Indeed, I shall require three more Liberators to complete the publication of the letters, speeches, &c.; though I congratulate you upon being able to finish the whole in your next number, as it brings it complete within the year.

Parkhurst deserves much credit for the manner in which he performed his arduous duties.

You and the printers must have had a job of it, with so much manuscript to decipher.

You will see how ridiculous is the exhibition our old friend, Arson

S. Murray, makes of himself, in his letter published in the last Liberator. You will observe that I deemed it best to make only a passing reference to the letter; for I dread his long-winded replications. His self-esteem and combativeness are very large, while his personal appearance is very much like that of a wild man. I desire, at all times, to remember gratefully and generously the important service he rendered the Anti-Slavery cause, in Vermont, in its infancy; but this gives him no claim to any special indulgence at a time, and under circumstances, when he fails to adapt himself to the new state of things in our country. He is a microscopic critic, not a philosophic one, and therefore lacks breadth of judgment; though meaning well all the while. He has sent me his formidable roll of resolutions for insertion in the Liberator; but, of course, I shall do no such thing, having neither space nor inclination to gratify his request. This, too, will offend him.

His sneers and flings, in his letter, at the whole of us, will injure only himself.

George Thompson writes to me, under date of Dec. 4th, that he expects to leave for America in the course of another month; so that he may possibly be with us in season for our annual meeting and festival, in this city, the last of January. But no dependence, probably, is to be placed upon the precise time of his coming.

My cold and cough have deepened since I returned home; and I am so debilitated that I can perform no labor, and have been obliged to recall several lecturing engagements. My lungs are in a congestive state, and I am under medical treatment, venturing out of doors as seldom as I can.

Did I leave my white handle knife in your office, with one large blade? If so, please send it by the bundle.

Yours, affectionately,
W. L. G.

O. J.

